

ACIS and GALATEA,

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S E R E N A T A;

DRAMATIQUE ET MUSICALE

As it is Performed at the

ACADEMIE

Theatre-Royal in *Covent-Garden.*

The MUSICK composed by Mr. HANDEL.

CHORUS



Copies of Number

L O N D O N :

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[Price One Shilling.]

ACTA. IACOBUS AGIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A C I S.

G A L A T E A.

P O L Y P H E M U S.

D A M O N.

C H L O R I S.

Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds.



[Liber One Spilliung.]



ACIS and GALATEA.

Shepherds, and their Invitations

Huntsmen, and their Invitations

S E R E N A T A.

P A R T the F I R S T.

A rural Prospect, diversified with Rocks, Groves, and a River. *Acis* and *Galatea* seated by a Fountain. Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds, distributed about the Landscape; and *Polyphemus* discovered sitting upon a Mountain.

C H O R U S.



The Pleasure of the Plains!

Happy Nymphs, and happy Swains,

(Harmless, merry, free, and gay)

Dance and sport the Hours away.

ACIS and GALATEA.

For us the Zephyr blows,
 For us distils the Dew,
 For us unfolds the Rose,
 And Flow'rs display their Hue :
 For us the Winters rain ;
 For us the Summers shine ;
 Spring swells for us the Grain,
 And Autumn bleeds the Vine.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ye verdant Plains, and woody Mountains,
 Purling Streams, and bubbling Fountains,
 Ye painted Glories of the Field,
 Vain are the Pleasures which you yield ;
 Too thin the Shadow of the Grove,
 Too faint the Gales, to cool my Love.

A I R.

Hush, ye pretty warbling Choir,
 Your thrilling Strains
 Awake my Pains, A
 And kindle fierce Desire R
 Cease your Song, and take your Flight N
 Bring back my Acis to my Sight. D A Capo.

A I R.

ACIS.

Where shall I seek the charming Fair ?
 Direct the Way, kind Genius of the Mountains :
 O tell me if you saw my Dear ! H
 Seeks she the Groves, or bathes in crystal Fountains ? Da Capo.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, Shepherd, stay !
 See how thy Flocks in yonder Valley stray,
 What means this melancholy Air ?
 No more thy tuneful Pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou pursuing ?
Heedless running to thy Ruin !
Share our Joy, our Pleasure share :
Leave thy Passion till to-morrow ;
Let the Day be free from Sorrow,
Free from Love, and free from Care. Da Capo.

AIR.

CHLORIS.

O ! do not, Shepherd, thus advising,
The Lover's pleasing Pains repress ;
The Lover, Passion justly prizes,
Secures what only Life can bless.
With Pride the Lover boasts a Treasure
In ev'ry Care his Heart conceals,
And Tears, for him, have sweeter Pleasure,
Than Mirth in thoughtless Laughter feels.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

And see my Love !
 Turn, ~~Galatea~~, hither turn thine Eyes ;
 See at thy Feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

A C I S. and G A L A T E A.

A I R.

*Love in her Eyes fits playing,
And sheds delicious Death ;
Love in her Lips is straying,
And warbling in her Breath :
Love on her Breast fits panting,
And swells with soft Desire :
Nor Grace, nor Charm, is wanting
To set the Heart on fire.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

G A L A T E A.

O ! didst thou know the Pains of absent Love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

A I R.

*As when the Dove
Laments her Love,
All on the naked Spray ;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long Day.
Billing, Cooing,
Panting, Wooing,
Melting Murmurs fill the Grove ;
Melting Murmurs, lasting Love.*

A I A

! And you see how
I say ? And you see how
D U E T. See if it be the young man
and woman going to see

R a c e

D U E T.

ACIS and GALATEA.

Happy we.

What Joys I feel! — What Charms I see!

Of all Youths, thou dearest Boy!

Of all Nymphs, thou brightest Fair!

Thou all my Bliss, thou all my Joy!

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Happy we, &c.

A P A D E J E S

P A T P
C O N D



C H O R U S

ACIS

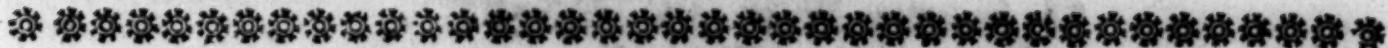
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ACIS, and GALATEA.

CHORUS.

S E R E N A T A.



PART the SECOND.

A CONCERTO on the ORGAN.

CHORUS.

*W*retched Lovers! Fate has past
This sad Decree; No Joy shall last.
Wretched Lovers! quit your Dream;
Behold the Monster Polypheme;
See what ample Strides he takes,
The Mountain nods, the Forest shakes;
The Waves run frighten'd to the Shores:
Hark! how the thund'ring Giant roars.

R E C I -

A C I S A and G A L A T E A.

9

R E C I T A T I V E accompanied.

P O L Y P H E M E.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has stabb'd me to the Heart.

Thou trusty Pine,
Prop of my God-like Steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred Reeds of decent Growth,
To make a Pipe for my capacious Mouth;
In soft enchanting Accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's Beauty, and my Love.

A I R.

O ruddier than the Cherry!

O sweeter than the Berry!

O Nymph, more bright
Than Moon-shine Night,

Like Kidlings blithe and merry!

Ripe as the melting Cluster!

No Lilly has such Lustre;

Yet hard to tame

As raging Flame,

And fierce as Storms that bluster! Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

P O L Y P H E M U S, G A L A T E A.

P O L Y. Whither, Fairest, art thou running,
Still my warm Embraces shunning?

G A L. The Lion calls not to his Prey,
Nor bids the Wolf the Lambkin stay.

A I A

B

P O L Y.

POLY. Thee *Polyphemus*, great as Jove,
 Calls to Empire, and to Love:
 To his Palace in the Rocks,
 To his Dairy, to his Flock;
 To the Grape of purple Hue,
 To the Plum of glossy Blue;
 Wildings, which, expecting, stand
 Proud to be gather'd by thy Hand.
 G A L. Of Infant Limbs to make my Food,
 And swill full Draughts of human Blood!
 Go, Monster! bid some other Guest,
 I loath the Host; I loath the Feast.

A I R.

A I R.
 Polyphemus. O
 Cease to Beauty to be suing: O
 Ever whining Love disdaining,
 Let the Brave, their Aims pursuing,
 Still be conqu'ring, not complaining.

Da Capo.

A I R. of hand to hand
 Damon. O
 Would you gain the tender Creature?
 Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
 Suffering is the Lover's Part, to bear
 Beauty, by Constraint possessing,
 You enjoy but half the Blessing,
 Lifeless Charms without the Heart.

Da Capo.

A I R.

A. I. R.

CHORUS.

In vain you teach him Duty,

To Beauty,

His Love is but Desire.

He gains, the Fair possessing,

Not half the Lover's Blessing,

Not half so pure his Fire.

RECITATIVE.

ACTS.

His hideous Love provokes my Rage,

Weak, as I am, I must engage :

Inspir'd with thy victorious Charms,

The God of Love will lend his Arms.

A. I. R.

Love sound th' Alarm,

And Fear is a flying :

When Beauty's the Prize,

What Mortal fears dying ?

In Defence of my Treasure

I'd bleed at each Vein ;

Without her no Pleasure,

For Life is a Pain. Da Capo.

Help, Galatea !

And take me to your bower.

Da Capo.

Recd.

PART

CHORUS.



ACIS and GALATEA.

A

RECITATION.

S E R E N A T A.

* * * * *

P A R T the THIRD.

: AIR.

D A M O N.

Consider, fond Shepherd,
How fleeting's the Pleasure,
That flatters our Hopes,
In Pursuit of the Fair
The Joys that attend it,
By Moments we measure;
But Life is too little
To measure our Care.

T R A Y

Da Capo.
RECI-

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Cease, O cease, thou gentle Youth ;
 Trust my Constancy and Truth ;
 Trust my Truth, and Pow'rs above,
 The Pow'rs propitious still to Love.

T R I O.

ACIS, GALATEA, and POLYPHEMUS.

Acis and Gal. *The Flock shall leave the Mountains,*
The Woods the Turtle Dove,
The Nymphs forsake the Fountains,
Ere I forsake my Love.

Poly. *Torture ! Fury ! Rage ! Despair !*
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis and Gal. *Not Show'rs to Larks so pleasing,*
Nor Sunshine to the Bee ;
Not Sleep to Toil so easing,
As these dear Smiles to me.

Poly. *Fly swift, thou massy Ruin, fly :*
Die, presumptuous Acis, die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, Galatea ! help, ye Parent Gods !
 And take me dying to your deep Abodes.

CHORUS.

RIA



ACIS and *GALATEA.*

A

REGISTRATION

S E R E N A T A.

W^ork, as I see, I must escape :
His hideous Rose bloothes my R^ose,

P A R T the^{SI} T H I R D.

AIR. *in vacuo*

W.M. & N.O.W.A.D. M.P. & B.S.P. Ltd.

S. D A M O N.

Consider, fond Shepherd, in the Distance of a mile
How fleeting's the Pleasure, I
That flatters our Hopes, I
In Pursuit of the Fair, I
The joys that attend it,

By Moments we measure;
But Life is too little,
To measure our Care.

Da Capo.
RECI-

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Cease, O cease, thou gentle Youth ;
 Trust my Constancy and Truth ;
 Trust my Truth, and Pow'rs above,
 The Pow'rs propitious still to Love.

TERIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, and POLYPHEME.

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The Woods the Turtle Dove,
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Ere I forsake my Love.

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Die, presumptuous Acis, die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, Galatea ! help, ye Parent Gods !

And take me dying to your deep Abodes.

CHORUS.

RIA

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muses; weep, ye Swains;
 Tune, tune your Reeds to doleful Strains;
 Groans, Cries, and Howlings, fill the neighb'ring Shore.
 Ah! the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG and CHORUS.

GALATEA.

Must I my Acis still bemoan,
 Inglorious, crush'd beneath that Stone?
 Must the lovely charming Youth
 Die for his Constancy and Truth?
 Say, what Comfort can you find?
 For dark Despair o'erclouds my Mind.

CHORUS.

Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve;
 Bewail not, when thou canst relieve:
 Call forth thy Pow'r, employ thy Art;
 The Goddess soon can heal thy Smart.
 To Kindred Gods the Youth return,
 Thro' verdant Plains to roll his Urn.

RECITATIVE.

AIR.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: Thus A exert my Pow'rdivine;
 Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

AIR.

A I R.

*Heart, thou Seat of soft Delight !
Be thou now a Fountain bright ;
Purple be no more thy Blood,
Glide thou like a crystal Flood :
Rock, thy hollow Womb disclose
The bubbling Fountain, lo ! it flows.
Thro' the Plains be joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle Love.*

C H O R U S.

*Galatea, dry thy Tears :
Acis now a God appears ;
See how he rears him from his Bed ;
See the Wreath that binds his Head :
Hail ! thou gentle murm'ring Stream,
Shepherds Pleasure, Muses Theme ;
Thro' the Plain still joy to rove,
Murm'ring still thy gentle Love.*

F I N I S.



A I A

Horn upon seat of life; Dignity
 By whom stood a lioness pride;
 Numbers as the stars in Heaven;
 Girls like a cherry in Bloom;
 Rock like a mountain of fortitude;
 Lips purpling Fortune, to the history
 I am, like Pains as load of woes,
 Wounding Hill with boulders loose.

C H O R U S

Gafters, did thy master;
 Aces won a Gob of fortune;
 See poor as a worm his King;
 See who would stand by his Queen;
 Hail! upon heroes immortal's banner;
 Shepherd's Polaris, Master of scenes;
 I am, like Pain Hill with load of woes,
 Wounding Hill with boulders loose.

E. I. N. I. S.



